I would eſteeme him worth a dozen ſuch:
But ſup them well, and looke vnto them all.
To morrow I intend to hunt againe.
Huntſ. I will my Lord.
Lord. What's heere? One dead, or drunke? See doth he breath?
2. *Hun.* He breath's my Lord. Were he not warm'd with Ale,
this were a bed but cold to ſleepe ſo ſoundly.
Lord. Oh monſtrous beaſt, how like a ſwine he lyes.
Grim'me death how foule and loathſome is thine image:
Sirs, I will practiſe on this drunken man.
What thinke you, if he were conuey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in ſweet cloathes: Rings put vpon his fingers:
A moſt delicious banquet by his bed,
And braue attendants neere him when he wakes,
Would not the begger then forget himſelfe?
1. *Huntſ.* Beleeue me Lord, I thinke hee cannot chooſe.
2. *H.* It would ſeeme ſtrange vnto him when he wak'd,
Lord. Euen as a flat'ring dreame, or worthles fancie.
Then take him vp, and manage well the ieſt:
Carrie him gently to my faireſt Chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures.
Balme his foule head in warme diſtilled waters,
And burne ſweet Wood to make the lodging ſweete:
Procure me muſicke readie when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heauenly ſound:
And if he chance to ſpeake, be ready ſtraight
(And with a low ſubmiſſiue reuerence)
Say, what is it your honor will command:
Let one attend him with a ſiluer Baſon
Full of roſe-water, And beſtrew'd with flowers,
Another beare the Ewer: the third a Diaper,
And ſay wilt pleaſe your Lordſhip coole your hands.
Some one be readie with a coſtly ſuite,
And aske him what apparell he will weare:
Another tell him of his Hounds and Horſe,
And that his Lady mournes at his diſeaſe,
Perſwade him that he hath bin Lunaticke,
And when he ſayes he is, ſay that he dreames,
For he is nothing but a mightie Lord:

This

This do, and doe it kindly, gentl
It will be paſtime paſſing excelle
If it be huſbanded with modeſtie
1. *Huntſ.* My Lord I warrant
As he ſhall thinke by our true di
He is no leſſe then what we ſay h
Lord. Take him vp gently, a
And each one to his office when

Sirrah, go ſee what Trumpet 'tis
Belike ſome Noble Gentleman
(Trauelling ſome iourney) to re
Enter Seru
How now? who is it?
Ser. An't pleaſe your Honor
That offer ſeruice to your Lordſh
Enter player
Lord. Bid them come neere.
Now fellowes, you are welcome
Players. We thanke your H
Lord. Do you intend to ſtay
2. *Player.* So pleaſe your Lor
Lord. With all my heart. Th
Since once he plaide a Farmers
Twas where you woo'd the Ge
I haue forgot your name: but
Was aptly fitted, and naturally p
Sincklo. I thinke 'twas *Soto*
Lord. 'Tis verie true, thou d
Well you are come to me in ha
The rather for I haue ſome ſpor
Wherein your cunning can aſſi
There is a Lord will heare you
But I am doubtfull of your mo
Leaſt (ouer-eying of his odde b
For yet his honor neuer heard a
You breake into ſome merrie pa

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